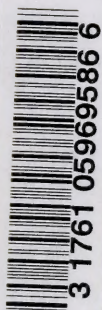


Hoch der Kaiser

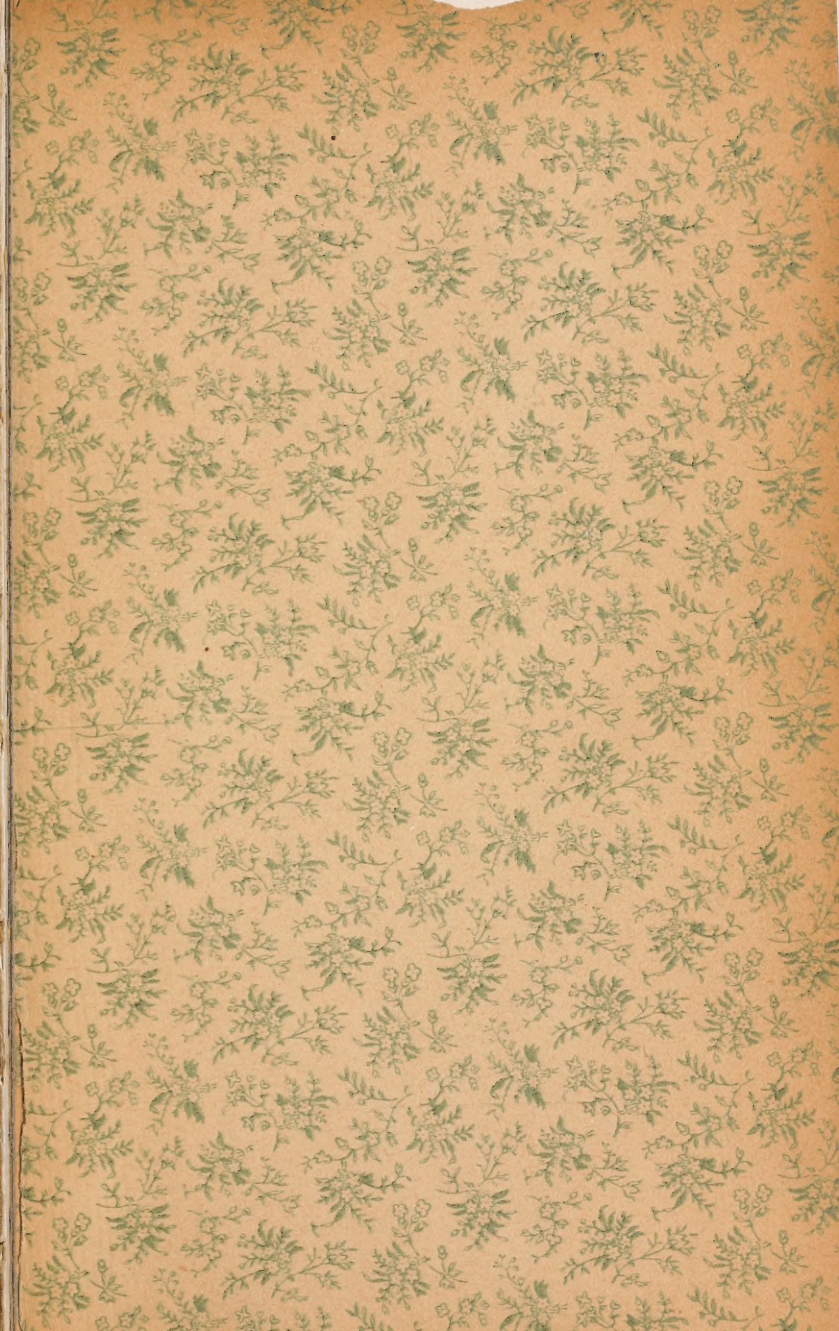


MYSELF UND GOTT

PS
8485
037H6

Myself und Gott





Hoch der Kaiser

Myself und Gott

BY

A. MCGREGOR ROSE

(A. M. R. GORDON)

THE PICTURES BY JESSIE A. WALKER

THE

Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

London

NEW YORK

Montreal

309933
23. 1. 35

Copyright, 1900,

by

THE

Abbey Press

in

the

United States

and

Great Britain.

All Rights Reserved.

PS
8485
O37H6

A NOTE

"MYSELF UND GOTT"

THE COMPLETE POEM PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN THIS COUNTRY


THE now famous poem which was published in the *HERALD* some few months ago, and which was recited by Captain Coghlan during his famous speech, was written under peculiar circumstances in Montreal in October, 1897. The poem as it was in the original consisted of thirteen verses, not eight, as published throughout the world during the last two years.

The occasion upon which the poem was written was the Emperor William's speech upon the divine right of kings and his own special mission upon earth. At that time A. M. R. Gordon, a Scotchman by birth, and whose real name was A. McGregor Rose, was a member of the *Montreal Herald* staff. He had been in the habit of writing verses upon different subjects, and was looked upon as a very bright fellow indeed. The city editor, turning to him, said:

"Give us a poem, Gordon, on the Emperor."

In less than an hour's time he turned out thirteen verses, which were entitled by him "Kaiser & Co.," not "Hoch der Kaiser." The matter was sent up to the printer just as it was written, and by some mistake the foreman of the composing room only picked up eight verses in type, leaving the other five verses on the galley. The paper went to press and Gordon, who was very particular about his matter being strictly correct, got one of the first copies off the press. He at once saw the mistake and the form was re-cast, not, however, before a few hundred had been sent into the mailing room for the foreign mails. Thus the fact that only eight verses were copied in the papers which printed the poem at the time. In the second edition it was given in full and signed A. M. R. Gordon.

A few months ago Gordon's mind commenced to fail, and he was finally taken by a few of his newspaper friends to Notre Dame Hospital. For weeks he lay as helpless as a child and unable to recognize any one. Finally he passed away and was buried by those who had enjoyed his society. After this, some inquiries were made as to who he was, and it was found that he came originally from Scotland, after having quarreled with his wife. He worked for a short time some twelve years ago on the *NEW YORK HERALD*, and afterward drifted all over the country, spending several years in San Francisco. He then went to Montreal and remained there until the time of his death.—*The New York Herald*.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

CONTENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

MYSELF—UND GOTT

UND MEIN OWN EMBIRE DON'D VAS SHMALL

MEIN SOLDIERS SING "DER WACHT AM RHEIN"

DERE'S FRANCE, SHE SWAGGERS ALL AROUNDT

SHE VILL NOT DARE TO FIGHT AGAIN

VON BISMARCK VAS A MAN AUF MIGHT

VE KNOCK HIM LIKE EIN MAN AUF SDRAW

VE SEND HIM OUDS IN BIG DISGRACE

VE VERY BROMBTLY ON HIM SET

MIT BOERS UND SUCH SHE INTERFERE

SHE DINKS, GOOD FRAU, SOME SHIPS SHE'S GOT

I BEAR THE SPEAR AND HELM OF MARS

WITH ASPECT DARK AND VISAGE GRIM



JESSIE A. WALKER

"Myself und Gott."

Hoch der Kaiser.

DER Kaiser of dis Fatherland

Und Gott on high all dings command,

Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?

Myself—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



“Und mein own Embire don’d vas shmall.”

Hoch der Kaiser.

HE reigns in Heafen and always shall,
Und mein own Embire don'd vas shmall.
Ein noble bair I dinks you call
Myself—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



J. A. WAUCK

“Mein soldiers sing ‘Der Wacht am Rhein.’”

Hoch der Kaiser.

VILE some men sing der power divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhein"
Und drink der health in a Rheinisch wine
Of Me—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



J-A-WALKER

“Dere’s France she swaggers all aroundt.”

Hoch der Kaiser.

DERE'S France, she swaggers all aroundt,
She's ausgesspieldt,
To much we think she don't amount,
Myself—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



J. A. WALKER

"She vill not dare to fight again."

Hoch der Kaiser.

SHE vill not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass (und in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott.

Myself und Gott.



“Von Bismarck vas a man auf might.”

Hoch der Kaiser.

VON BISMARCK vas a man auf might
Und dought he vas glear oud auf sight,
But ach! he vas nicht good to fight
Mit Me—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



J.A. WALKER

"Ve knock him like ein man of sdraw."

Hoch der Kaiser.

VE knock him like ein man auf sdraw,
Ve let him know whose vill vas law,
Und dot ve don'd vould sdand his jaw,
Meinself—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



J. A. WALKER

"'e send him oudt in big disgrace."

Hoch der Kaiser.

VE send him oudt in big disgrace,
Ve gif him insuldt to his face,
Und put Caprivi in his place,
Meinself—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



J-A-WALKER

"'E very brombly on him set."

Hoch der Kaiser.

UND ven Caprivi get svelled hedt
Ve very brombtly on him set,
Und toldt him to get up and get,
Meinselb—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



J. A. WALKER.

“Mit Boers und such she interfere.”

Hoch der Kaiser.

DERE'S grandma dinks she is nicht small
beer,

Mit Boers und such she interfere;

She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere,

But Me—und Gott.

Myself und Gott.



“She dinks, good frau, some ships she’s got.”

Hoch der Kaiser.

SHE dinks, good frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat.

Ach! We could knock them! Pouf!

Like dat,

Myself—mit Gott!

Myself und Gott.



J A WALKER

"I bear the spear and helm of Mars."

Hoch der Kaiser.

IN dimes of peace breathe for wars,
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for den thousand Czars,
Myself—mit Gott!

Myself und Gott.



JESSIE A. WALKER

“With aspect dark und visage grim.”

Hoch der Kaiser.

IN fact, I humor efry whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit him,
Myself—und Gott!

Myself und Gott.

Some Attractive Books.

SOUR SAINTS AND SWEET SINNERS.

By CARLOS MARTYN. This is a portrait of some unsaintly saints and some un-sinful sinners, who are types to be found in all churches and congregations, by a prominent clergyman who writes from the inside with a pen borrowed from Dean Swift. *Third Edition.* Cloth, 12mo, with photograph and biographical sketch of the author, \$1.00.

ONE THOUSAND WAYS TO MAKE MONEY.

By PAGE FOX. Every man, woman, boy and girl should read this book. It conveys information of use to everyone, and will enable those who read it to make an honest livelihood in dozens of unthought-of ways. *Second Edition.* Cloth, 12mo, \$1.00.

SOME PEOPLE WE MEET.

By CHARLES F. RIDEAL. A series of brightly written character sketches or types, including THE SALESLADY, THE MAN "WOT" GOLFS, WON LUNG LEE, THE REV. HIRAM B. MONTGOMERY, JACKIE, BOB TOUGHUN, A CITY "GENT," MR. LEVI VINDERMENDERHEIMER, MR. TAMMANY TODD, MR. SEMPRONIUS YARDLY, MR. DICK DRUMMERTON, MRS. WHIRLINGAY WHIZ. Miss Jessie A. Walker has provided us pictures exhibiting her usual clever talent. Cloth, 12mo, decorated cover, 25 cents.

FIGHTING AGAINST FATE.

By MOSES D. MORRIS. An exciting and true story, more dramatic than a drama. Those who like a blood-curdling, hair-raising narrative which has the advantage of being fact instead of fiction, are recommended to buy this book. A large advance sale is already assured. Cloth, 12mo, with one hundred striking illustrations, \$1.00.

TWO MEN AND SOME WOMEN.

By WALTER MARION RAYMOND. Two contrasting characters are described in this novel in a graphic and interesting way, together with their mutual influence over one another, and over certain women with whom they are brought in contact. It is a realistic story. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.00.

MAY BE ORDERED THROUGH ANY BOOKSELLER OR FROM

THE

Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

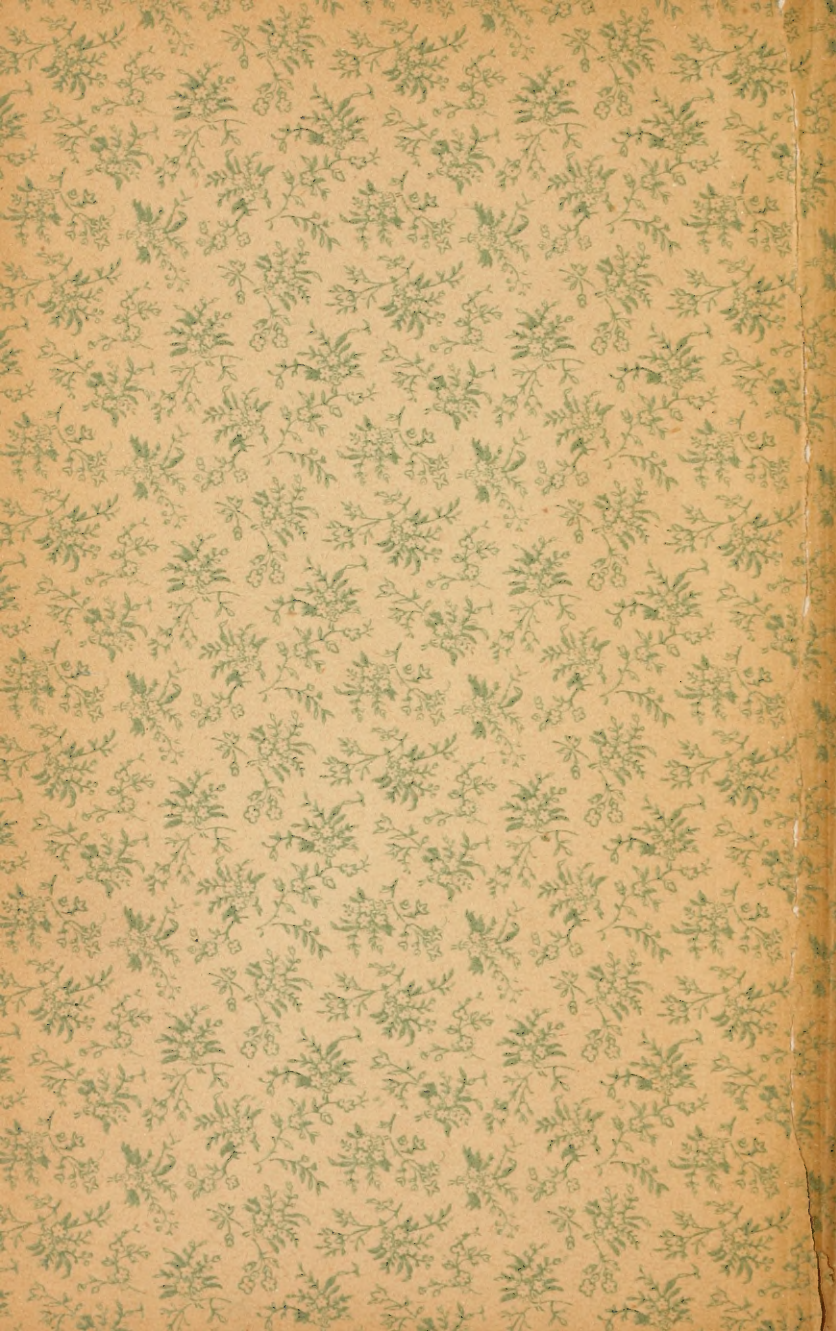
114

FIFTH AVENUE

London

NEW YORK

Montreal



PS
8485
037H6

Rose, A. McGregor
Hoch der Kaiser

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

